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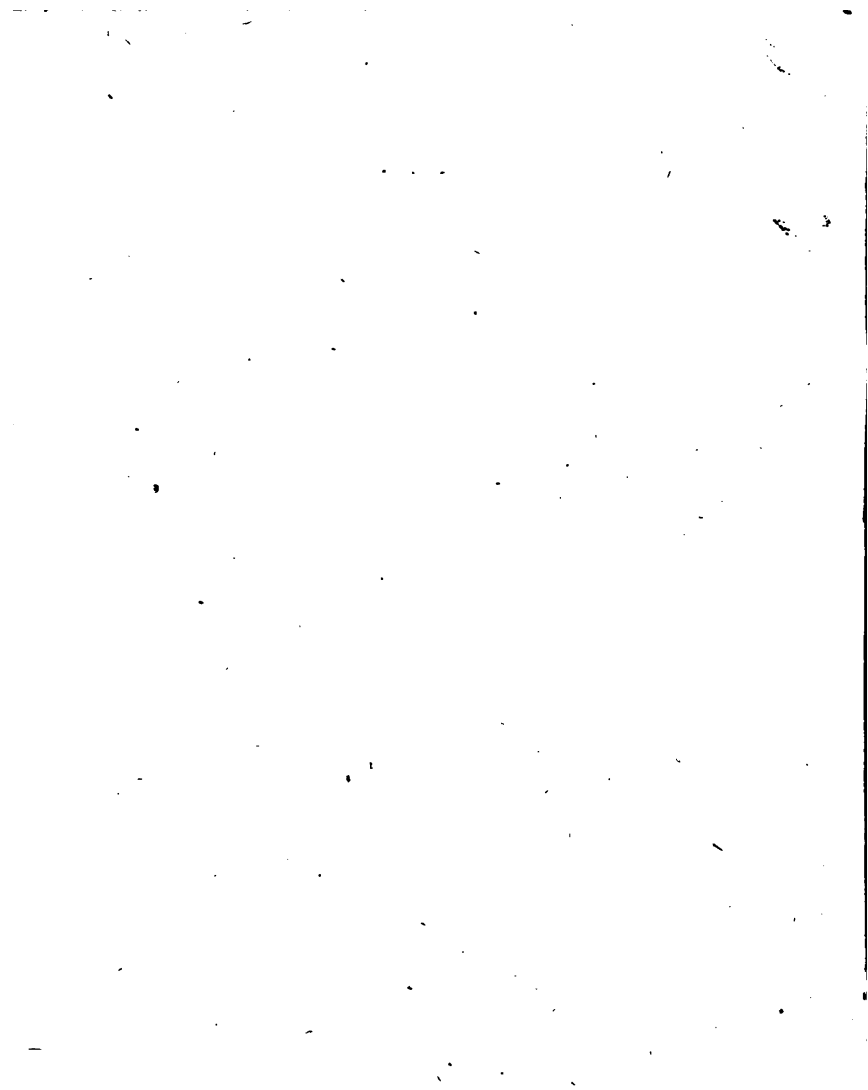
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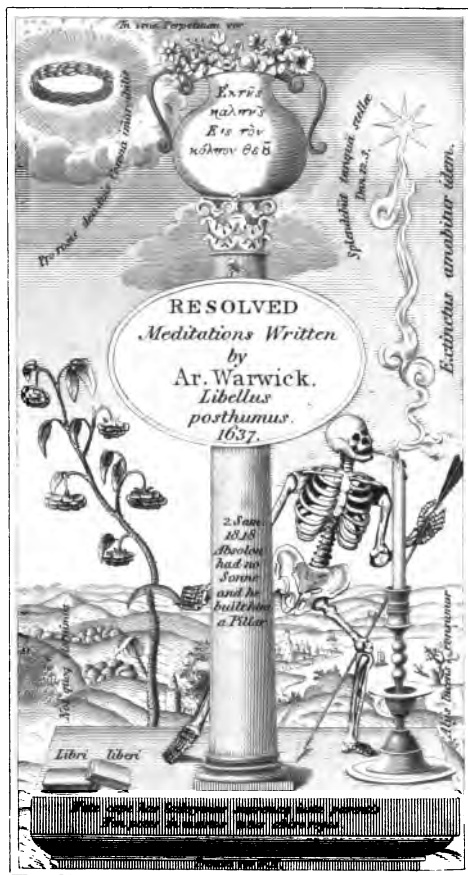




To
Arnold Green Smith
April 2nd 1856

Spare Minutes.





Anne Vernon

Warwick, Arthur

WARWICK'S
SPARE MINUTES.

"O! give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones."

RE-PRINTED
BY CHARLES AND HENRY BALDWIN.

London:

1821.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

The interest excited by an article on the SPARE MINUTES in the third number of the RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, and the numerous subsequent enquiries for the original work, have induced the Publishers to reprint this excellent little book in a neat and accurate form. Of the pious and ingenious author no particulars are known, beyond what may be gathered from the work itself.

SPARE MINUTES ;
OR,
RESOLVED
MEDITATIONS
AND
PREMEDITATED
RESOLUTIONS.

~~~~~  
WRITTEN BY ARTHUR WARWICK.  
~~~~~

———— Ego cur acquirere paucos
• Si possim invidear ?

————
The Sixth Edition.
————

LONDON :

PRINTED BY G. M. FOR WALTER HAMMOND, AND
ARE TO BE SOLD BY MICHAEL SPARKE, IN
GREENE ARBOUR.

————
1637.

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

*My much Honoured Friend, Sr. WILLIAM
DODINGTON, KNIGHT, all health and happi-
ness.*

Right Worshipfull,

I WILL not make an over-large gate to my little City: a short Epistle best suites with so small a volume, and both fitly resemble your knowledge of mee, and mine acquaintance with you, short and small. But a mite freely given, makes a poore widow liberall: and in this present, poore, like my habilities, is a thankful-

X

ness, infinite, like your deservings. To speak much, might be thought flattery; to say nothing would be known ingratulude: I must therefore be short, I may not be silent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath incouraged my penne: and I humbly crave in the one, what I favourably found in the other, a courteous acceptance. Which if you please to add to your former favours, and my happiness, I shall have just cause to rest

Your Worship's truly devoted

ARTHUR WARWICK.

English
Elizabethan

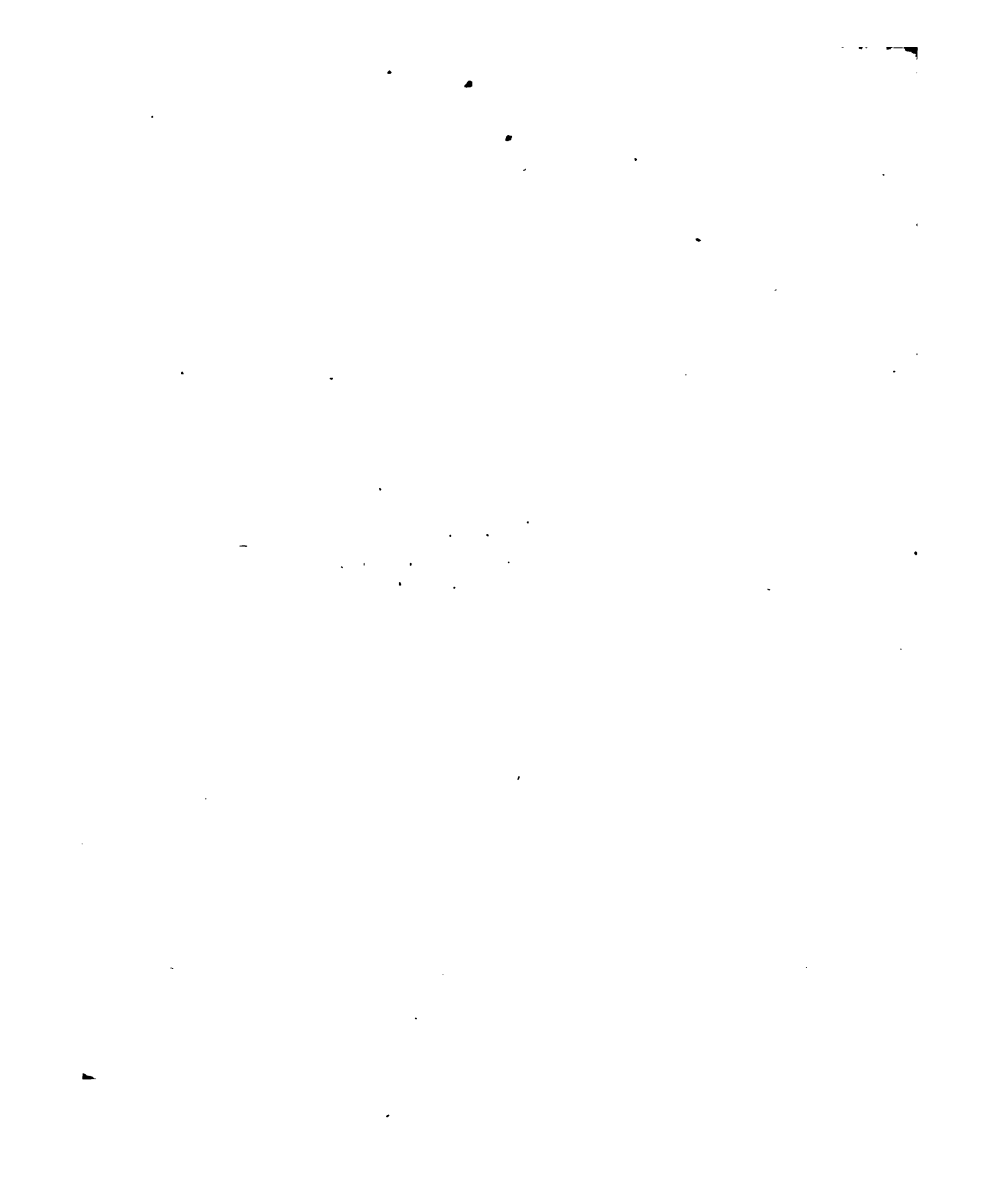
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The Mind of the Frontispleer.

Death putt this *light*; and his earth-banish't flame
Flew up to heav'n, and so a *starve* became;
Death crept this *rose-bush*, and the *roses* were
Snatcht up to heav'n, and made a *garland* there:
But here's a *pillar* shall stand firme and fast,
When fate shall want a *knife*; and death, a *dent*:
This *pillar* shall keepe fresh his *urne*, his *name*,
Till *four's* forget to breathe; and *five* to name.

F. Q.





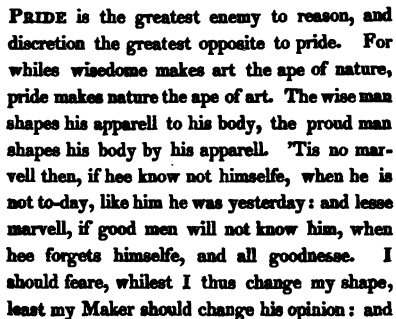
RESOLVED

MEDITATIONS

AND PREMEDITATED

RESOLUTIONS.

IT is the over curious ambition of many, to be best or to be none: if they may not doe so well as they would, they will not doe so well as they may. I will doe my best to do the best, and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus whiles I



finding mee not like him hee made mee, reject
me, as none of his making. I would any day
put off the old cause of my apparell, but not
every day put on new fashioned apparell. I see
great reason to bee ashamed of my pride, but no
reason to bee proud of my shame.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

THE reason that many men want their desires,
is, because their desires want reason. He may
do what hee will, that will doe but what hee may.

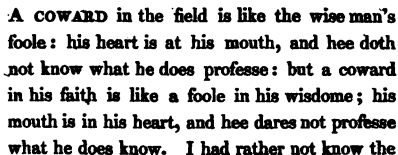
♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

I SHOULD marvell that the covetous man can
still bee poore, when the rich man is still co-
vetous, but that I see, a poore man can bee

content, when the contented man is onely rich :
 the one wanting in his store, whiles the other
 is stored in his wants. I see then, wee are not
 rich or poore, by what wee possesse, but by
 what we deaire. For hee is not rich that hath
 much, but hee that hath enough : nor hee poore
 that hath but little, but hee that wants more. If
 GOD then make mee rich by store, I will not
 impoverish myselfe by covetousnesse : but if hee
 make mee poore by want, I will enrich myselfe
 by content.



HYPOCRISIE desires to seeme good rather than
 to be so : honestie desires to bee good rather
 than seeme so. The worldlings purchase repu-



good I should do, than not do the good I know.
It is better to be beaten with few stripes, than
with many.



EACH true Christian is a right traveller: his life his walke, Christ his way, and Heaven his home. His walke painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loyter, least I come short of home: I will not wander, least I come wide of home, but bee content to travell hard, and be sure I walk right, so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painfull walke make my home welcome.



As is a wound to the body ; so is a sinfull body



to the soule: the body indangered till the wound
bee cured, the soule not sound till the bodie's sin
be healed, and the wound of neither can bee cu-
red without dressing, nor dressed without smart-
ing. Now as the smart of the wound is recom-
pensed by the cure of the body: so is the pu-
nishment of the body sweetened by the health of
the soule. Let my wound smart by dressing,
rather than my body die; let my body smart
by correction, rather than my soule perish.

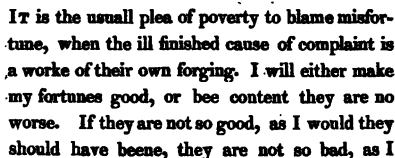


It is some hope of goodnes not to grow worse : it is a part of badnesse not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the sparke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodnesse

I should, it is not too much, why should I make it lease? If I keep the goodnesse I have, 'tis not enough. Why doe I not make it more? Hee ne're was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is: he never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to bee worse than hee was.



HEALTH may be enjoyed ; sickness must be indured : one body is the object of both, one God the Author of both. If then hee give me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not thinke it too good, since it is his mercy that bestows it : if he send sickness, I will patiently indure it, and not thinke it too great, since it is my sinne



know they might have been. What though I
am not so happy as I desire? 'tis well I am not
so wretched as I deserve.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

THERE is nothing to be gotten by the world's
love, nothing to be lost (but its love) by its hate.
Why then should I seek that love that cannot pro-
fit mee, or feare that malice that cannot hurt mee?
If I should love it, for loving mee, God would
hate me, for loving it. If I loath it for hating
mee, it cannot hurt mee for loathing it. Let it
then hate me, and I will forgive it, but if it love
me, I will never requite it. For since its love
is hurtfull, and its hate harmlesse, I will con-
temne its hate, and hate its love.

As there is a folly in wit, so there is a wisdom in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a necessary knowledge, nor wise above wisdom. If I know enough I am wise enough, if I seek more I am foolish.



It's no marvell that man hath lost his rule over the creature, when hee would not be ruled by the will of the Creator. Why should they feare man, when man would not obey God? I could wish no creature had power to hurt mee, I am glad so many creatures are ordained to help me. If God allow enough to serve me, I will not expect that all should feare me.

No affliction (for the time) seemes joyous, all time in affliction seemes tedious. I will compare my miseries on earth with my joys in Heaven, and the length of my miseries with its eternity ; so shall my journey seeme short, and my burthen easie.



THERE is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better.

THE commendation of a bad thing, is its shortnesse, of a good thing, its continuance : it were happy for the damned, if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the Saints that their joyes are eternall. If man, that is borne of a woman, be full of misery, 'tis well that he hath but a short time to live : if his life be a walke of paine, its a blessing that his dayes are but a spanne long. Happy miseries that end in joy : happy joyes that know no end : happy end that dissolves to eternity.



HAD I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, poverty might stagger my faith, and bring my thoughts

into a perplexed purgatory. Wherein are the poore blessed, if pardon shall bee purchased onely by expense? Or how is it hard for a rich man to enter into Heaven, if money may buy out the past, present, and future sinnes of himselfe, his deceased and succeeding progeny? If Heaven bee thus sold, what benefit has my poverty, by the price already paid? I find no happinesse in Roome ou earth. 'Tis happinesse for me to have roome in Heaven.



THERE is no estate of life so happy in this world, as to yeeld a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no state of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must be

content with it. Though I can have nothing here that may give mee true content, yet I will learne to bee truly contented here with what I have. What care I though I have not much ; I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want ; I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.



IT is the greatest of all sinnes always to continue in sinne. For where the custome of sinning waxeth greater, the conscience for sinne growes the lesse: it is easier to quench a sparke than a fire; I had rather breake the cockatrice's egge, than kill the serpent. O daughter of Babylon, happy shall hee bee that taketh thy children,

dren whilst they are young and dasheth them
against the stones.



NATURE bids mee love myselfe and hate all that
hurt mee, reason bids me love my friends and
hate those that envie mee, religion bids mee love
all and hate none. Nature sheweth care, rea-
son wit, religion love. Nature may induce mee,
reason perswade mee, but religion shall rule mee.
I will hearken to nature in much, to reason in
more, to religion in all. Nature shall make mee
careful of myselfe, but hatefull to none; rea-
son shall make mee wise for myselfe, but harme-
lesse to all; religion shall make mee loving to
all, but not carelesse of myselfe. I may heare

the former, I will hearken onely to the latter.
I subscribe to some things in all, to all things
in religion.

ABUNDANCE is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, basenesse a scorue, advancements dangerous, disgrace odious. Onely a competent estate yeelds the quiet of content. I will not climbe, least I fall, nor lye on the ground, least I am trod on. I am safest whiles my legges beare me. A competent heate is most healthfull for my body, I would desire neither to freeze nor to burne.

A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great peece, which dischargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-thinke what I will promise, that I may promise but what I will doe. Thus whilst my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I shall be carefull in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather doe and not promise, than promise and not doe.



THE good meener hath two tongues, the hypocrite a double tongue. 'The good man's heart speaks without his tongue, the hypocrite's tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes GOD in his heart, when in his mouth there

is no GOD mentioned : the hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the foole hath said in his heart *there is no God*. I may soonest heare the tongue, but safest the heart, the tongue speaketh lowdest, but the heart truest.



THE speech of the tongue is best known to men : God best understands the language of the heart : the heart without the tongue may pierce the eares of heaven, the tongue without the heart speakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the desires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather speake three words in a speech that GOD knowes, than pray three houres in a language that he understands not.

MEDITATION is the wombe of our actions, action the mid-wife of our meditations. A good and perfect conception, if it want strength for the birth, periabath in the wombe of the mind, and, if it may be said to be borne, it must be said to be still-borne : a bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happinesse of a birth, yet the mind is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the perfection of deformity, which may beg with the cripple at the gate of the Temple, or perish through its imperfections. If I meditate what's good to be done, and doe not the good I have meditated, I lose my labour, and make curst my knowledge. If I doe the thing that is good, and intend not that good that

I doe, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may enjoy some benefit, I deserve no commendations. Resolution without action is a sleathfull folly, action without resolution is a foolish rashness. First know what's good to be done, then do that good being knowne. If forecast be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecast : I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor against it.



It is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend, for feare of his anger : it is the abstract of folly, to be angry with my friend for my error's reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way, and not

advise him : I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee should advise mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let mee have my friend's anger than deserve it ; rather let the righteous smite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pretious oyle of flattery, or connivence, breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill-will, by giving a just cause of hatred. I thinke him a truer friend that deserves my love, than he that desires it.



WHEN children meet with primroses, nuts, or apples in their way, I see those pleasures are oft times occasions to make them loyter in their errands, so that they are sure to have their parents'

displeasure; and oft times their late returne findes a barred entrance to their home, whereas those who meete with dangers in the way, make haste in their journey, and their speede makes them welcomed with commendation. Nature hath sent mee abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward. If I meete with store of miseries in my way, discretion shall teach me a religious haste in my journey. And if I meete with pleasures, they shall pleasure mee onely by putting mee in minde of my pleasures at home, which shall teach mee to scorne these, as worse than trifles. I will never more reckon a troublesome life, a curse, but a blessing. A pleasant journey is deere bought with the losse of home.

WHEN I see the fisher bait his hook, I thinke
 on Satan's subtile malice, who sugars over his
 poysoned hooks with seeming pleasures. Thus
 Eve's apple was candied with divine knowledge,
yea shall bee as Gods, knowing good and evill.
 When I see the fish fast hang'd, I thinke upon
 the covetous worldling, who leapes at the pro-
 fit without considering the danger. Thus Achan
 takes the gold and the garment and ne're con-
 sideres that his life must answer it. If Satan bee
 such a fisher of men, its good to looke before
 wee leape. Honey may bee eaten, so that wee
 take heed of the sting: I will honestly enjoy my
 delights, but not buy them with danger.

I SEE, when I have but a short journey to tra-

well, I am quickly at home, soone out of the
 paine of my travell, soone into the possession of
 my rest. If my life bee but my walke, and
 Heaven my home, why should I desire a long
 journey? Indeed knowing my home so pleasant,
 I would not bee weary with a long walke, but
 yet the shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

I CANNOT see two sawyers work at the pit, but
 they put mee in minde of the Pharisee and the
 Publican: the one casts his eye upward, whiles
 his actions tend to the pit infernall: the other
 standing with a dejected countenance, whiles
 his hands and heart move upward. 'Tis not a
 shame to make shew of our profession, so wee

downe and hee shall bee largely rewarded with his owne. If advancement be so dangerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give me content : I am high enough if I can stand upright.



WHEN I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, just such, thinks I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need : but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

I should wonder, that the unsatiable desires of ambition can finde no degree of content, but that I see they seeke a perfection of honour on earth, when the fullnesse of glory is onely in Heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree admits a perfection : whereas the glory of Heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affords a fullnesse. Heere, one may bee lower than another in honour, and yet the highest want a glory : there, though one starre differs from another in glory, yet in the fullnesse of glory they all shine as starres. Heere the greatest may want, there the least hath enough : heere, all the earth may not bee enough for one ; there, one Heaven is enough for all. LORD, let me

rather be least there, without honour here, than
the greatest here, without glory there. I had
rather be a dore-keeper in that house, than a
ruler in these tents.



WHEN I see the heavenly Sunne buried un-
der earth in the evening of the day, and in the
morning to find a resurrection to his glory, why
(thinke I) may not the sonnes of Heaven, bu-
ried in the earth, in the evening of their daies,
expect the morning of their glorious resurrection?
Each night is but the past-daye's funerall, and the
morning his resurrection: why then should our
funerall-sleepe bee other than our sleepe at
night? Why should we not as well awake to

make mee greater than I should bee. They whose glory shines as the sparkes amongst stubble, lose their light, if compared to the Sonne of glory. I will not seat my selfe higher than my place, least I should be disgraced to an humility, but if I place my selfe lower than my seat, I may be advanced to the honour of, *Friend sit up higher*. I had rather bee exalted by my humility, than be brought low by my exaltation.



I SEE that candle which is as a Sunne in the darknesse; is but as a darknesse in the Sunne : the candle not more lightning the night's darknesse, than the Sunne darkening the candle's light. I will take heed then of constancie,

especially with great ones. . As I may bee too strong for the weaker ; so I must bee too weak for the stronger. I cannot so easily vanquish mine inferiours, but my superiours may as easily conquer me : I will doe much to be at peace with all men, but suffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.



I SEE when I follow my shadow it flies me, when I flee my shadow, it followes me : I know pleasures are but shadowes, which hold no longer than the sun-shine of my fortunes. Least then my pleasures should forsake mee, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I most follow it.

greatnesse of an evill man, makes the man's evill the greater. It is the unhappie priviledge of authority, not so much to act, as teach wickednesse, and by a liberall cruelty, to make the offender's sinne not more his owne than others. Each fault in a leader is not so much a crime, as a rule for error: and their vices are made, (if not warrants, yet) precedents for evill. To sinne by prescription, is as usuall as damnable: and men run post in their journey, when they goe to the divell with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs bee the greatest of all offences. Either then let mee bee great in goodnesse, or

else it were good for mee to bee without greatnesse. My owne sinnes are a burthen too heauie for mee, why then should I lade myself with other offences.



To speake all that is true, is the property of
fooles : to speake more than is true, is the folly
of _____ too many. Hee that spends all that
is his owne, is an unthrifty prodigall : Hee that
spends more than his owne, is a dishonest un-
thrif : I may sometimes know what I will not
utter, I must never utter what I doe not know.
I should be loath to have my tongue so large as
my heart, I would scorne to have my heart lesse
than my tongue. For if to speake all that I

know, shewes too much folly, to speake more
than I know shewes too little honesty.



IT is the ambitious folly of too many, to imitate rather greatness than goodness. They will sooner follow the example of their Lord, than the precepts of their GOD. I will alway honour greatness, I will onely imitate goodness : and rather do good without a patterne, than commit evill in imitation. 'Tis better to be saved without a precedent, than to be damned by example.



THERE is no security in evil society, where the good are often made worse, the bad seldome bet-

ter ; for it is the peevish industry of wickedness, to finde, or make a fellow. 'Tis like, they will bee birds of a feather, that use to flocke together. For such commonly doth their conversation make us, as they are with whom wee use to converse. I cannot be certaine, not to meet with evill company, but I will be carefull, not to keepe with evill company. I would willingly sort my selfe with such, as should either teach, or learne goodnesse : and if my companion cannot make mee better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill, than hee shall make me worse.



To teach goodnesse is the greatest praise, to

the further hee is from home : if hee sit still in a right way, he may know his home, but ne'er come to it : discreet stayes make speedy journeyes. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walke : the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. Hee that faints in the execution loseth the glory of the action. I will therefore not onely know my way, but also goe on in my way : I had rather my journey should want a beginning, than come to an untimely end. If Heaven bee my home, and CHRIST my way, I will learne to know my way, ere I haste to travell to my home. Hee that runs hastily in a way hee knowes not, may come speedily to an home he loves not. If CHRIST



I KNOW but one way to Heaven, I have but one Mediator in Heaven, even one Christ : and yet I heare of more wayes, more Mediators. Are there then more Christs ? *Are the Lord's waies as your waies*, that wee must goe to the King of Heaven as unto a King on earth ? Or if wee must, yet if my King bid me come, shall I send another ? If he bid me come unto him, shall I goe unto another ? If hee bid me aske for peace onely in the name of the Prince of peace, why should I mention the Lady Mary ? If I shall be heard onely in the name of his Sonne, why should I use the name of his servants ? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience, to come when I am bid ? Is another better, or am I too good

vest their paine by bluntnesse; the one thinking hee never speakes wisely, till he goes beyond his owne, and all men's understandings: the other thinking he never speakes plainly, till hee dive beneath the shallowest apprehension; I as little affect curiosity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldnesse in the other. I would not have the pearle of Heaven's kingdom so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workeman should hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet so sleightly valued, as to bee set in lead: or so beastly used as to be slubbered with durt. I know the pearle (however placed) still retains its vertue, yet I had rather have it set in gold, than seeke it in a dung-hill. Neat

apparell is an ornament to the body, but a disgrace if either proud or slovenly.

I SEE corruption so largely rewarded, that I doubt not, but I should thrive in the world, could I get but a dispensation for my conscience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get mee a great deale of favour, and I could buy a world of this world's love, with the sale of this little trifle *honesty*. Were this world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, these merchandize yeeld lesse than nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conscience. The love of men is good, whiles it lasteth, the

love of God is better, being everlasting. Let me then trade for those heavenly merchandize : if I finde these other in my way, they are a great deale more than I looke for, and (within little) more than I care for.



As faith is the evidence of things not seen : so things that are seen are the perfecting of faith. I beleeve a tree wil be greene, when I see him leauelesse in winter : I know he is green when I see him flourishing in summer. It was a fault in Thomas not to beleeve till hee did see. It were a madnesse in him not to beleeve when hee did see. Beleeve may sometime exceed reason, not oppose it, and faith bee often above sense not against

it. Thus whilst faith doth assure mee that I
eate Christ effectually, sense must assure me
that I taste bread really. For though I often-
times see not those things that I beleeve, yet
I must still beleeve those things that I see.



THERE is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of, none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemn the just, and not a few who justify the wicked. I oft heare both envy and flattery speaking falsehoods, of my selfe to my selfe, and may not the like tongues performe the like taskes of others to others? I will know others by what they doe themselves, but not learn my selfe by what I

heare of others. I will be carefull of mine own
actions, not credulous of other's relations.



THE Crosse is but a signe of Christ crucified,
Christ crucified the substance of this Crosse.
The signe without the substance is as nothing,
the substance without the signe is all things.
I hate not the signe, though I adore but the
substance. I will not blaspheme the Crosse of
Christ, I will not worship but Christ crucified.
I will take up my Crosse, I will love my Crosse,
I will beare my Crosse, I will embrace my Crosse,
yet not adore my Crosse. All knees shall bend
in reverence to his name, mine never bow in
idolatry to his image.

IT is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. Hee more adorneth the creature, then hee adareth the Creator: and makes not onely his belly his god, but his body. I am ashamed of their glory, whose glory is their shame. If nature will needs have me to bee proud of something, I will be proud onely of this, that I am proud of nothing.

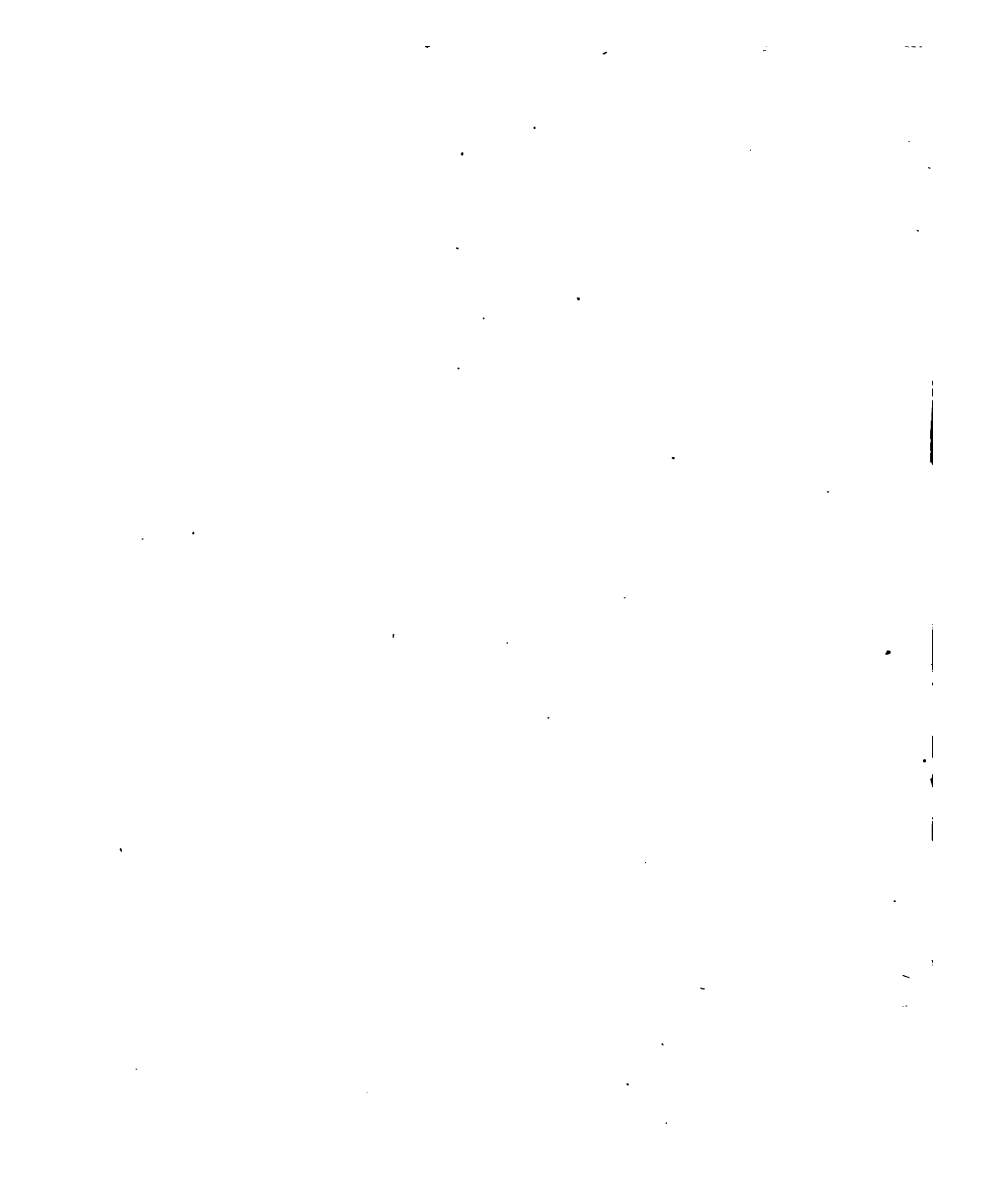


As the giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerefull giver. For a bargain is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the minde of the party giving: which made the widow's mite of more worth, than the riches of superfluitie. I see then, hee gives not

best that gives most, but hee gives most, that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely, and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. Hee gives well, that gives willingly.

I SEE at a feast, that others feed heartily on that dish which perhaps would not suite with my appetite, whilst I make as good a meale on those cates, that perhaps their palats could not relish: I will not therefore thinke I doe well because my actions please not others, nor bee confident that my actions are good, because my doings please my selfe: but bee more carefull to provide what is good at a feast, than what's delightfull: and

more study to expresse what is honest in my actions, than what's pleasing. So, if sicke stomackes cannot relish my sound meates, the fault shall light on their ill appetites : and if unseasoned judgements like not my honest intentions, the fault shall fall on their ill relished apprehensions. It would please mee well to have praise when I deserve it; but joy mee more to deserve praise when I have it.



*Loquela Emblematici Frontispicij, in obsequium
Inventoris et piam Authoris memoriam sug-
gesta.*

Assensus-credulis, soloque agitante levatas,
In coelum geminas, flamma ceyras, evolat, alis
Ignes rapax, Animus; mundi'q' nitentia tangit
Lumina, Nobigens; variata, et alba, Columnis,
Sursum contendens, summa'q' Volumina Legis
Sorum, ad amanda, veranda, Deo'q' se Nocte revolvit.
Hinc, alto sears: Mundo, TITULIS'q' relictis.
Non illam, DUX SOLIS, amati'q' arboris Ortus
Despicit, afflictum: cum mens divulsa falleret,
Corda'q' dividuo percurrunt Malleus lecta.
Si siliceo gestat solido'q' Adamante rigescens
Effugit in saltus, et saxi verbera motus;
LUNÆ LUX, illam non respicit, alma rigorem.
Hic, fractum COR, Lector, habet, penetratis serena
Mentis, et innocens; per quod, post funera pascos
Nunc spargit radios animi vigor ultimus, ardet
Veras, et instanti, duplicata potentia morte.
Colligat hos, rapit'q' in concava pectora candel
Lucidus ingenij; deducet'q' æthere flammæ,
Coaspiet'q' novos æterni luminis ignes.

GULIEL. HAYDOCK.

*A brief Elogium upon this Author, and his pious
Meditations, with allusion to this Emblem-
ticall Frontispiece,*

BY GEO. WITHER.

*Softn'd with Love, and winged with Desire,
This pious Heart, in Life-time, did aspire
Above the world; and with a true delight,
Enjoy'd the day-time, and employ'd the Night,
In climbing nearer to that THREE-IN-ONE,
Who cloth all things, and is all of none!*

The LAW'S mysterious Night, the GOSPEL'S day,
AFFLICTION'S mourning, and the *triumph-day*
Of prosperous HOPES, did limit out that path,
Through which his contemplation-mounting hath;
And, up above their COLUMNS made him rise,
A pleased, and a pleasing sacrifice.

From out of his dead shadows, raked were
A few quick sparklings: which, have kindled here
These papers; and were left behind, to show
Which way, his well disposed SPIRIT flew;
And, that their FLAME, to others may derive
The light, and heat, of this CONTENTPLATIVE.

Accept (as GOD hath sent) this broken heart:
For, every parcel yields (from every part)
A bright reflection of his living grace,
In just so many perfect looking-glasses,
As here are Persons; and, you may by these
Get on fair VERTUE'S dressings, if you please.



TO THE
VERTUOUS AND RELIGIOUS
Gentlewoman,

*My much esteemed friend Mistrisse ANNE
ASHTON, be health and happinesse heere and
hereafter.*

Worthy Mistrisse;

THE acknowledgement of your favours shall be
my meanest thanks, and to thanke you for those
favours, must bee my best acknowledgement: I
can do no more, I will doe no lesse. Nor have I
any better meanes to shew my owne living grate-

fulness, than by coupling it with my dead son's thankfulness, and by reviving his, to enliven my owne, and to testifie both to posterity, by this small memoriall. Neither is it unsutable that his study should yeld some matter of thankfulness after his death, who in his life time studied to be thankfull to you his most deserving friend. Which gave me (his sad father) a fit hint to dedicate these last *Meditations* to your selfe, to whose name and worth, he meditated and intended to raise a fairer monument, had hee lived. This prevented, what remaineth, but that this remnant cloathe his thankfulness as farre as it can, and supply the necessitated defect of his uneffected purpose. These collected out of loose papers, seeme to bee wrought in

some sodaine temperate heate of his honest fantasie, and hammered on the anvill of objected occasions, and being forged roughly into these shapes, were cast a cooling into the next paper that came to hand: and so wanting filing and polishing, must crave pardon for their ruder forme. They assume their greatest worth and value from your courteous acceptance, and account it their chiefest happinesse, if, for them, you love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out-live your selfe. This if you deigne to doe you shall much comfort the sadness of

Your assured
and devoted friend,
ARTHUR WARWICK.



His leape might have brought him downe sooner, it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearefull to act great sinnes, so I will bee carefull to avoid small sinnes. Hee that contemns a small fault commits a great one. I see many drops make a shower: and what difference is it, whether I bee wet either in the raine, or in the river, if both be to the skinne? There is small benefit in the choyce, whether we go downe to Hell by degrees or at once.



THE gentle and harmlesse sheepe being conscious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shambles? How silently

and undaunted doe they meet death and give it entrance with small resistance? When the filthie, loathsome, and harmefull swine roare horribly at the first handling, and with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives, and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horroure roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall night's short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death, I will not violently resist death at the time when it com-

meth. I will expect and waite my change with
patience, imbrace it with cheerefulnesse, and
never feare it as a totall privation.



IT is no small fault to be bad, and seeme so : it is a greater fault to seeme good, and not bee so : the cloake of dissimulation is a maine part of the garment spotted with the flesh. A vice thus covered is worse than a naked offence. There is no diuill to the hypocrite.



WHEN I see the Larker's day-net spread out in a faire morning, and himselfe whirling his artificiall motion, and observe how by the reflecting

lustre of the Sunne on the wheeling instrument, not onely the merry larke, and fearfull pigeon are dazeled, and drawn with admiration ; but stowter birds of prey, the swift merlin, and tow-ring hobbie are inticed to stoope, and gazing on the outward forme, lose themselves, methinks I see the diuel's night-nets of inticing harlots fully paraleld, spread out for us in the vigour of our youth ; which with rowling eyes draw on the lustfullnesse of affection, and betray the wantonnesse of the heart, and with their alluring glances often make to stoope within danger of their fatall nets, not onely the simple and carelesse, but others also, men otherwise wary and wise : who comming within the pull of the net



THERE bee that make it their glory to feed

high, and fare deliciously every day, and to maintaine their bodies elementary, search the elements, the earth, sea, and aire, to maintaine the fire of their appetites. They that thus make their bellies their gods, doe make their glory their shame. I distaste a sordid diet as unwholsome, I care not to taste and feed on variety of delicates as unhealthfull. Nature content-ed with a few things, is cloyed, and quelled with over-many: and digestion, her cooke, employed in the concoction of so much variety at once, leaves the stomacke too foule a kitchin for health to abide in. Since then so to feed may the sooner end my life, and the end of my life is not so to feed, I will bee taught by *grace* not to live to

they were at their ascending. For my part, I may admire such a glowing coale, I will not with the Satyr kisse it. As I thinke it not the least and last praise to please Princes; so, I know, it is not the least danger of times to live with them, *procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*. Hee presumes too much of his owne brightnesse that thinkes to shine cleere neere the Sunne; where, if his light bee his owne, it must bee obscured by comparison: if borrowed from the Sunne, then is it not his, but another's glory. A candle in the night's obscurity shewes brighter than a torch at noone-day. And Cæsar thought it a greater glory to bee the first man in some obscure towne, than the second man in Rome, the head City of the world.

It is a common custome, but a lewd one, of them that are common lewd ones by custome, to wound the fame, and taint the reputation of their neighbours with slanders; and having no lesse impotency in their tongues, than impurity in their hearts, forme both opinions and censures according to the mould of evill in themselves. And this they doe, either with the lapwing to divert, by their false cries, the travelling stranger from finding the nest of their filthinesse, or with the curtayld fox in the Fable, to endeavour to have all foxes cut-tayl'd: or, with the fish sepiæ, to darken with the pitchie inke of aspersions, all the water of the neighbourhood, that so themselves may scape the net of censure, justly cast to catch them. Or else, to have

themselves thought as good as any other, they will not have any thought good, that dwells neere them. I will therefore suspect him as scarce honest, who would (with a slander) make mee suspect another as dishonest. I will not presently disrepect him as dishonest, whom a lewd person dishonesteth with suspition. The diuell is not more blacke-mouth'd than a slanderer; nor a slanderer lesse malicious than the diuell.



WHEN I see the Sun rising from the East in glory, like a gyant ready for the course, within an hour's space obscured with mists, darkned with clouds, and sometimes eclipsed with the

Moone's inferiour body : and however, without these, after noone declining, descending, setting, and buried under our horizon ; I seeme to see an earthly King mounting his throne in glory, yet soone clouded with cares, and feare of dangers : sometime darkned in honour by the malicious envy of his subjects ; sometimes eclipsed in his dominions by the interposition of forreigne powers ; and however, without these, in a short time descending and setting at the evening of his life, and seldome passing the whole day thereof in perfect continuall glory. Then thinke I, O the odds of comfort in that heavenly and these earthly kingdomes ; O the comfort of this odds ; there each saint is a glo-

often discern perjury usher in the evidence to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict. I admire with reverence the justice and wisdom of the lawes: I deplore with compassion the abused practice of the lawes, and resolve, rather to beare with patience an hayle-shower of injuries, than to seeke shelter at such a thicket, where the brambles shall plucke off my fleece, and doe me more hurt by scratching, than the storme would have done by hayling. I care not for that physicke, where the remedy is worse than the disease.



**How cunningly doth the Prince of darknesse
take on him the forme of an angell of light?**

How often have seeming saints proved devils ? even in those things (lightly) most faulty, which they make a shew of being most free from : some more proud of being thought plaine, than a flaunting gallant in his new fashion. Others refusing a deserved commendation, onely with a desire to bee commended for refusing it : the one hating pride with a more proud hatred, the other shunning praise with a greater vaine-glory. It is bad to have vices, worse to disassemble them. Plato possessed his rich bed with lesse pride than Diogenes trampled on it.



I MEET sometimes with men whose crazed
braines seeme soldered with quick-silver; whose

actions' straines run onely in odd crotchets ; whose judgements being hood-winkt with their owne opinion, and passion, admit of nought for reason, but what their unreasonable selfe-will dictates to them. And then what they will doe, they will do ; and doe it they will with that torrent of violence, that overturnes all obstacles of counsell, which crosse their courses. From these I will learne not to make *Will* my coachman, unlesse *Reason* runne before to shew the way : and if my action must passe by the waters of uncertaine danger, of all vessels I will not use the *Wakerry*. As aloath seldome bringeth actions to good birth ; so hasty rashnesse alwaies makes them abortive, ere well formed.

As in virtues, hee that hath one, hath all : so in vices, hee that hath one hath seldome one alone. He that will steale, must lie : and he that will steale, and lye, will sweare his lye ; and so easily skrus himselfe up to perjury. Hee that will be drunke, what will he not be, when hee is drunke ? and being alipt down from the top of reasonable sense, where stoppeth he from tumbling downe into a beastly sensuality ? I will therefore give *the water no passage, no not a little*, least it make a breach, and that breach let in an inundation to drowne the sweet pastures of my soule. I see the divell's claw is an entering-wedge, to let in his foot ; that foot, his whole body. I will bee carefull to set a Watch,

and keepe the doore, that sinne may have no admittance. I cannot bee too carefull, so it be to the purpose; it cannot be to the purpose, if it be too little.



THAT *the voice of the common people is the voice of God*, is the common voice of the people ; yet it is as full of falshood, as commonesse. For who sees not that those blacke-mouthed hownds, upon the meere scent of opinion, as freely spend their mouthe in hunting counter, or like Acteson's dogges in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth it selfe, in a fresh scent. Who observes not that

the voice of the people, yea of that people that
voiced themselves the people of GOD, did pro-
secute the GOD of all people, with one common
voice, *hee is worthy to die*. I will not therefore
ambitiously begg their voices for my prefer-
ment; nor weigh my worth in that uneven bal-
ance, in which a feather of opinion shall be mo-
ment enough to turne the scales, and make a
light peece goe current, and a current peece
seeme light.



THERE are a sort of men which are kind men to me, when they expect some kindnesse from me : who have their hands downe to the ground in

their salutations, when the ground of their salutations is to have a hand at mee in some commodity. But their owne ends once served, their kindnesse hath its end at once: and then it seemes strange to mee, how strange they will seeme to grow to mee; as if the cause (their desire) being removed, the effect (their courtesie) must straight cease. I will not acknowledge such my friends, but their owne; and when ever I see such insinuating palpation, I will bethinke mee what the authors would have of me. And with a thrifty discretion, rather deny such their requests, than in a prodigall kindnes become their friend, more than mine owne.

I SEE a number of gallants every where, whose incomes come in yearly by set numbers, but runne out daily, sans number. I could pittie the cases of such brave men, but that I see them still in brave cases. And when I see them often foxed, methinkes the proverbe sutes those sutes, *what is the fox but his case* ? I should thinke them to bee Eutrapelus' his enemies, whom he clothed richly to make them spend freely, and grow deboshed. I will doe those men right, and wonder at them, because they desire it. I will not wrong my selfe to envie at them, because they deserve it not, nor to pittie them, because they scorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the Court, for the glory of the

ly their fortune to be fullest of care. Time is pretious to them : for they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet this they finde by use, that as they have much profit by putting out, so must they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of Themistocles his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the usurer's gaines, but considering they (as Merchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertaine vessels, sometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality, and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas of ca-

sualties, and misfortunes, that many times their principall comes short home, I thinke, with my selfe, let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gaine. I will make this use of those uses, as to claime no interest in their gaines, nor to owe any thing to any man but love. If I lend where need is; and receive my principall againe, I will accompt that my principall gaine, and thinke my courtesie but a commanded charity.



INGRATITUDE is the character of an ill nature in ourselves, a canker of friendship with others, and the very poison that kills charity in the em-

brio, being but newly conceived in the pregnant
 mindes of good men, and causing an abortion
 of liberality, ere it comes to its intended birth.
 Yet who will sow those barren sands, where
 hee knowes hee must not onely not expect a
 good harvest, but hee sure to lose his seed and
 labour : yet in these times what is more common
 or more practised than this ingratitude ? For in
 receiving benefits, who will not (with Enclio in
 Plautus) finde a third hand to reach out to take
 them ? But in requiting, who is not more maym-
 ed than the statues of Mercury, which Alci-
 biades so mangled that hee scarce left them a
 finger to point out the way to travellers ? It is
 ten to one, but wee all desire to be cared of the

leprosie of our wants : yet scarce one of ten of us returnes to give thanks for the cure. I will not thinke my selfe so enriched by receiving a courtesie, as ingaged to bee thankfull for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty, by taking a man's free liberality: but I sell my freedome for his benefits. I cannot deserve to be gracious with my friend, if, with the *Graces*, I looke not with two faces backe to requite, as well as with one forward to receive.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

I *WILL* not much commend others to themselves, I will not at all commend my selfe to others. So to praise any to their faces, is a

kinde of flattery: but to praise mysele to any is the height of folly. He that boasts his own praises, speakes ill of himselfe, and much derogates from his true deserts. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.



MERRILY and wittily said Plautus, that was one of the merry wits of his time, I would (said he,) by my will, have tale-bearers and tale-hearers punished, the one hanging by the tongue, the other by the ears. Were his will a law in force with us, many a tatling gossip would have her vowels turned to *mutes*, and be justly tonguetied that desires to be tied by the teeth at your

table: wherewith Thominus his tooth shew gnaweth on the good-name of her neighbour: many a hungry paret, whose belly is his arts-master, would cease to second his ave to his Lord with depraving tales called newes, and make his grace after dinner the disgrace of some innocent: and most men would give them coarse entertainment, that come to entertaine their ears with discourse of defamative reports. I will be silent and barren of discourse, when I chance to heare a tale, rather than go with child therewith, till another's eares be my mid-wife, to deliver me of such a deformed monster. I may heare a tale of delight, and perhaps smile at an innocent jest, I will not jest, nor joy at a tale disgracing an innocent person.

WHEN I see a gallant ship well rigged, trim-
 med, tackled, mann'd and munition'd with her
 top and top-gallant, and her spread sayles proud-
 ly swelling with a full gale in faire weather, put-
 ting out of the haven into the smooth maine,
 and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well-
 wishing admiration, and shortly heare of the
 same ship splitted against some dangerous rock,
 or wracked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk
 by some leake sprung in her by some accident,
 me seemeth I see the case of some court-favou-
 rite, who to-day like *Sejanns* daneleth all men's
 eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with
 the proud and potent beake of his powerfull pros-
 perity outteth the waves and ploweth through

the prease of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare
 some remora at his keele below, or any crosse-
 winds from above, and yet to-morrow on some
 stormes of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake
 in his honour, and sinkes on the Syrtes of dis-
 grace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure
 is splitted and wrack'd in the Caribdis of infamy,
 and so concludes his voyage in misery and mis-
 fortune. I will not therefore adventure with the
 greedy shepheard to change my sheepe into a
 ship of adventure, on the sight of a calme sea.

Ut pelago cudente situm retinaculis solvas,

Multis tamen hinc vinctis pennis huius.

I will study to deserve my Prince's favour,
 I will not desire to bee a Prince's favourite. If

I fall whence I am, I can raise myself, but to be cast downe thence, were to be crushed with a desperate downe-fall. I preferre a mediocrity, though obscure, yet safe, before a greater eminency with a farre greater danger.



WHEN a storme drives mee to shelter mee under a tree, I finde that if the storme bee little, the tree defends mee, but if the storme bee great, the tree not onely not defends mee, but powreth on mee that wet which it selfe had received, and so maketh me much wetter. Hence instructed, I resolve that if imprudently I fall into some small danger of the lawes, I will presume to

seeke shelter under the armes of some potent friend, but if the tempest of my trouble be too potent for my friend, I will rather beare all my selfe, than involve my friend in the danger. It would bee bad enough for mee to bee drencht with, or distrest by the storme of the lawe's anger onely; it would be worse to be drowned with the anger of my storming friend also. My conscience of my ill deserving towards the lawes would inforce a patience: my remembrance of my well deserving to my friend would make the just addition of his anger intolerable.



CONTENT is the marke wee all ayme at, the chiefe good and top of felicity, to which all men's

world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other, many possess much and enjoy but little, many have much, and use but little, others use much, and but little well. I shall not so much endeavour to have much where-withall to doe, as to doe much, with that little I have. It shall not so much greeve mee, that I am a poore treasurer, as joy me, if I have beene a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish, well to use that I have. If hee were so blamed that employed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten, and abused them?

•••••

POPULAR applause, and vulgar opinion, may.

blow up and mount upward the bubble of a vaine-glorious minde, till it burst in the ayre, and vaniah : but a wise man builds his glory on the strong foundation of virtue, without expecting or respecting the slender props of vulgar opinion. I will not neglect what every one thinks of mee ; for that were impudent dissolutenesse. I will not make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common sort, and bee over-sollicitous what every one speakes of me, for that were a toylesome vanity. I may doe well and heare ill : and that's a kingly happinesse. I may doe ill, and heare well : and that's an hypocrite's best felicity. My actions shall make me harmony in my heart's inner chamber : I will

not borrow the voyces of the vulgar to sweeten
my musique.



THE rancor of malice is the true nature of the divell, and the soule possessed therewith is his dearest darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there GOD hath no roome at all left to bee in all his thoughts. I may meet a mad man, and avoid him ; I may move a cholericke man, and pacifie him ; I may crosse a furious drunkard, and shunne him ; but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable than they all. Malice omits no occasion to doe mischief : and if it misse thy body and substance, it prosecutes thy

stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noysome weedes, which will either choake my plant with excluding the Sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves: but if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its goodnesse and glory. This is also my case when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill soyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thrusts up with it, either stinging wrath, or stinking wantonnesse, or drowzie sloath, or some other vices, which robb my plant of its desired flourishing. But these being first pluckt up, the good wit produceth, in its time, the faire flower of vertue. I will not therefore think the best wits, as they are wits fittest to make the best men, but as they are the best

WHEN I see the husbandman well contented with the cold of frost and snow in the winter, because, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlocke; though it checke the wheat somewhat in growing, yet it choaketh the weeds from growing at all: why should I bee moved at the winter of affliction? why vexed at the quaking fit of a quartane ague? why offended at the cold change of affection in my summer-friends? If as they seeme bitter to my minde or body, they proove healthfull to my bettered soule. If my wants kill my wantonnesse, my poverty check my pride, my disrespected sleighting quell my ambition and vaine-glory, and every weed of vice being thus choak-

to learne industry ; to the dove, to learne innocency ; to the serpent, to learne wisdom ; and why not to this bird to learne equanimity and patience ; and to keepe the same tenour of my minde's quietnesse, as well at the approach of calamitie's winter, as of the spring of happiness ? And, since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers, and though I bee forced with crosse-windes, to shift my sailes, and catch at side-windes, yet skillfully to steere, and keepe on my course, by the *Cape of good hope*, till I arive at the haven of eternall happiness ?

THE same water which being liquid is penetrated with an horse-haire, will beare the horse himselfe when it is hard frozen. I muse not then that those precepts and threats of God's judgements enter not into the hardned hearts of some old men, frozen by the practice of sinne, which pierce and penetrate deepe into the tender hearts and melting consciences of yonger folks thawed with the warmth of God's feare. Hence see I the cause why the sword of the Word, so sharpe that it serveth in some to divide the joynts, and marrow, in others glaunceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their cristall, frozen, and adamantine hearts. I cannot promise my selfe to bee free from sinne, I

were then no man : but I will purpose in my selfe
to bee free from hardness of heart ; by custome
and continuance in sinne, I may erre in my way,
I will not persist and goe on in my errorrs, till
I cannot returne againe into my way. I may
stamble, I may fall, but I will not lye still when
I am fallen.



WHEN I see two game-cocks, at first sight, without premeditated malice, fight desperately and furiously, the one to maintain the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the first blow, and to maintain this quarrell, not onely dye the pit with their blood, but die in the pit with their mutuall bloody wounds, mee

thinks I see the successe of those duellers of our time; which being ambitious of Achilles his praise, *Pelidis juvenis cedere nescij*, desperately and furiously adventure their lives heere, and indanger their soules heereafter otely for the vaine termes of false honour. I will not say but that being flesh and blood I may bee carelesse of my flesh and blood to revenge injurious indignities offered me: yet since as a tenant my soule must answer her Landlord for reparations of the house she dwels in, and I have no warrant of GOD or man for such revenge, I will not kill my owne soule to kill another man's body. I will not pull the house of my body on my soule's head in a fury, that GOD may make them both fuell for the fury of hell fire.

WHEN I view the *Heavens* declaring the glory of God, and the *firmament* shewing his handy worke, and consider that each little numbred starre even of the sixth magnitude, containeth the earth's dimension eighteene times in bignessee by astronomers' conclusions, I easily descend to consider the great difference of earthly men's glory, and that weight of glory afforded the saints in Heaven. For what a poore ambition is it to bee the best man in a City? What's a City to a shire? What a shire to the whole Island? What this island to the continent of Europe? What Europe to the whole Earth? What that Earth to a starre? What that Starre to Heaven? and that to the Heaven of Hea-

feathers to make her flagge-winged and so escape : but when at last they must needs come to a necessitated encounter, resuming courage out of necessity hee turned face against her, and striking the hawke thorough the gorge with his bill, fell downe dead together with his dead enemie. This fight seemed to me the event of a great sute in law, where one trusting to his cause's potency, more than his cause's equity, endeavours to disinherit his stubborne neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Here may you heare the clamorous obloquies of the wronged, and see the many turnings and winding meanders in the law sought out to get above his adversary. And lastly when the issue must come

hee saith, *their throat is an open sepulcher, &c. the poyson of aspes is under their lippes.* For what more loathsome stench, and noisome smells can a new opened sepulcher belch out, than these venomous open-throated slanderers? And well may their lips containe the poyson of aspes; of which Lucan saith, *in nulla plus est serpente veneni*, when a few words of theirs shall (like a witche's spell) charme and strike dead a man's dearest reputation. I will therefore indeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an antidote of Mithridates his best confection, they may repell the worst infection those serpents shall spit at mee. And albeit I cannot bee free

this in the conclusion, that to meditate on the best is the best of meditations : and a resolution to make a good end, is a good end of my resolutions.

*A Meditation of the Author's, found written be-
fore a Sermon of his for Easter-day.*

MY heart a matter good indites ; O then,
LORD, make my tongue a ready writer's pen :
That so assisted by thy grace's art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart :
So raise my thoughts, my willing minds so bless,
That I thy glorious rising may express.
And rays'd from death of sinfull ignorance,
Thy self-advancing power may advance.
And if my simple willingness wants skill,
Thou mad'st me willing ; LORD, accept my will.

*Another written before a Sermon of his on the
L.I. Psalme, verse 1.*

LORD guide my tongue, that covets to declare,
How great my sinnes, how good thy merites are.
I both would shew, and yet so great is either,
That whilst I both would shew, I can shew neither.
They both are infinite, they both began
Ere I beginning had, or shape of man.
Where then shall I begin, with hope to shew
How great both are, who both exceeding know?
Mercy still pardons, sin doth still offend,
And being endless both, where shall I end?
Thou first and last, whose mercy heales my sin,
Shew me to end, and teach me to begin.

*The last thing the Author wrote a few daies
before his death.*

A bubble broke, its aire loose,
By which lease the bubble's leas,
Each frost the fairest flowers broseeth
Whose lives vanish with that frost.
Then wonder not we die, if life be such,
Not rather wonder whence it is we live so much.
Tale long or short, whether offending
Or well pleasing, have their end.
The glass runnes, yet the set-time ending,
Every atom doth descend,
If life be such (as such life is, 'tis sure)
When tale and times find ends, why should life still endure?

This world is but a walk of pains
 That has end by death,
 This life's a war in which we gain
 Conquest by the loss of breath.
 Who would not warfare and travels cease,
 To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace ?
 Nothing here but constant pains,
 Or unconstant pleasures be :
 Worthless treasure, losing gains,
 Scant store, chain'd liberty.
 If life afford the best no better fate,
 How welcome is that death, that better than that bad state ?
 What's the earth when trimmest dress'd
 To that crystal spangled dwelling ?
 Yet the saint in glory least
 Is in glory farre excelling.
 Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of mine
 Thy glorious body see, and in thy glory shine.
 O'er I see the darksome night
 To a glorious day returning :

As oft doth sleepe intombe my sight,
 Yet I wake againe at morning.
 Bright sunne returns, when sleepe hath spent death's night,
 That these dimme eyes of mine may in thy light see light.

FINIS.

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